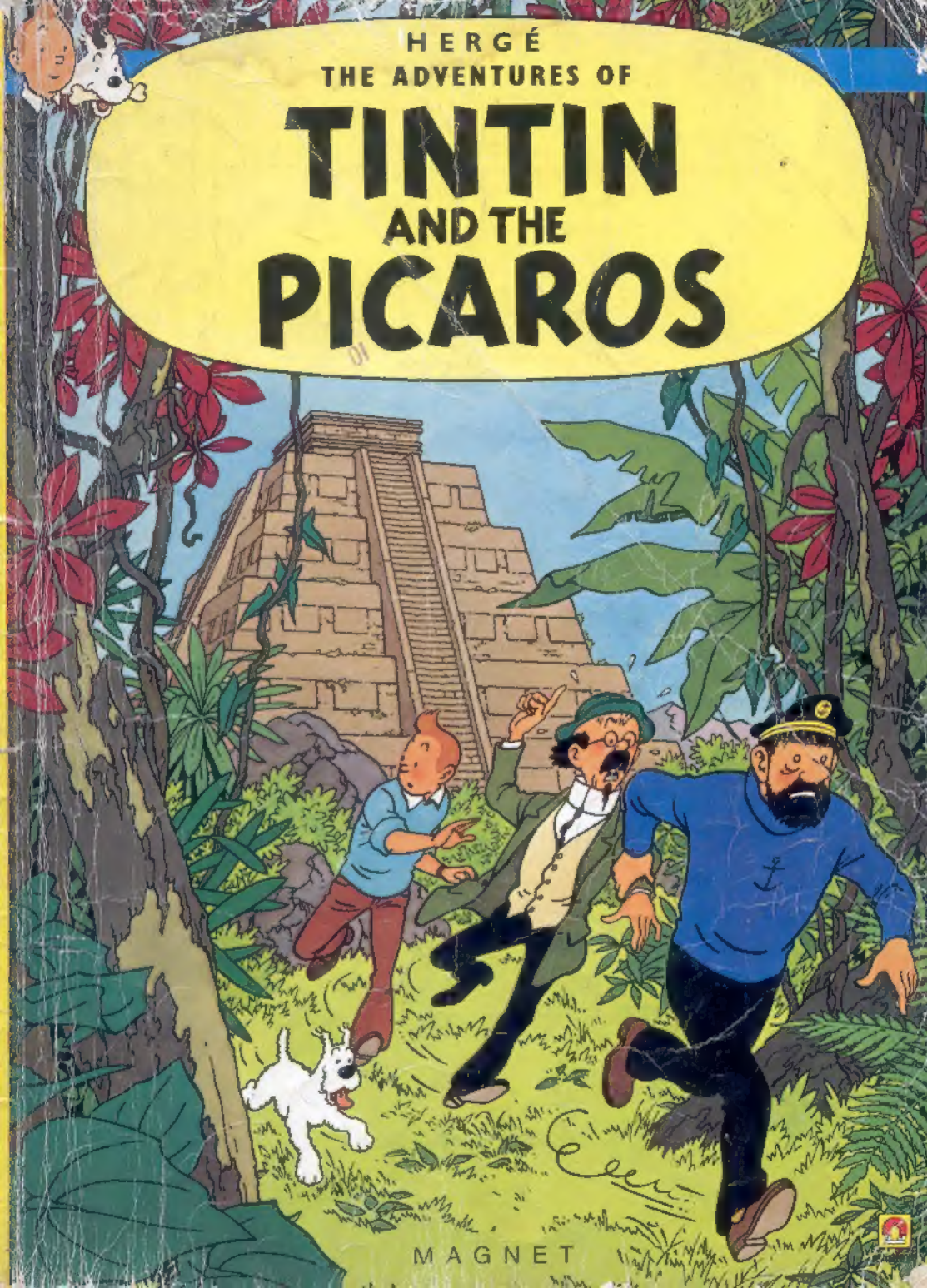


HERGÉ  
THE ADVENTURES OF

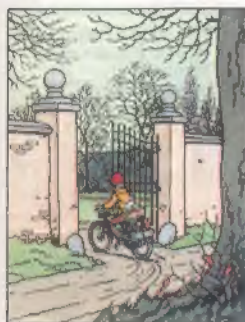
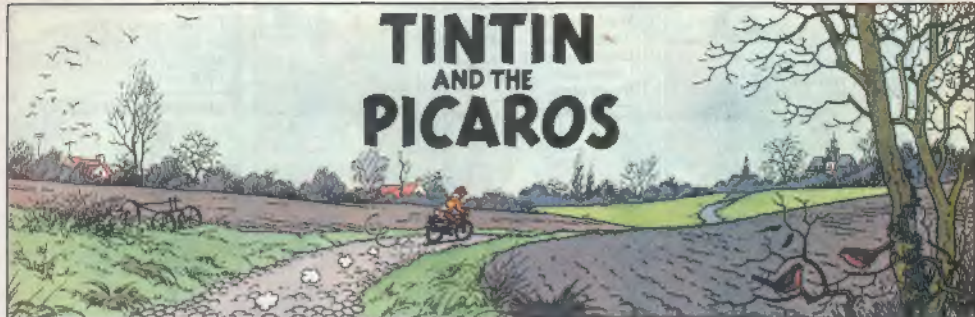
# TINTIN AND THE PICAROS



MAGNET



# TINTIN AND THE PICAROS



Ah! there you are... Come on in. I want you to read something. Look what I found in the latest "Paris-Flash" ...

"Opera star Bianca Castafiore continues her brilliant progress through South America. After triumphs in Ecuador, Colombia and Venezuela, she visits San Theodoros, where she will be received by General Tapioca."



General Tapioca... Didn't he topple our old friend Alcazar?

Yes, with the help of the Kûrvi-Tasch regime in Borduria. They say Tapioca's a real tyrant... he's cruel and he's vain...

... In fact he's so vain he changed the name of the capital from Los Dopicos. He called it Tapiopolis after himself. As for poor old Alcazar, he's gone underground with a band of partisans.

Oh, yes: the famous Picaros.



That's right, the Picaros. It's the name adopted by the guerrillas who've sworn to get rid of Tapioca and his mob. They're said to be backed by another great power... commercial and financial this time: the International Banana Company... A rare old mix-up, as you see!

Blistering barnacles, Tintin! What a lecture! ... All that talking makes me thirsty... Here, have a whisky ...

No, thanks. Not for me... You know that.

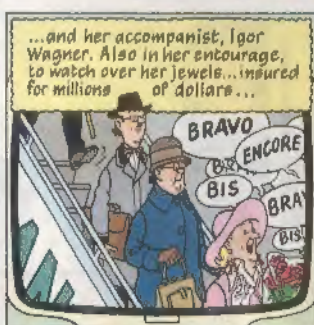
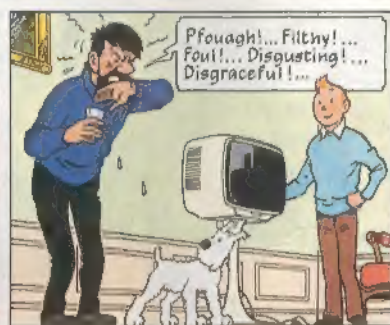
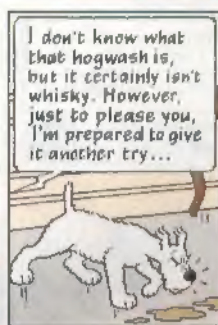
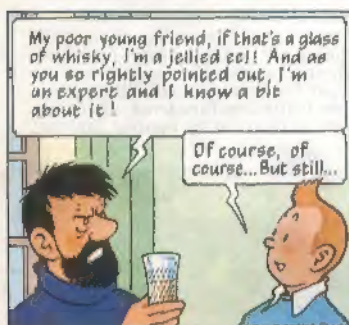


Oh well... Cheers!

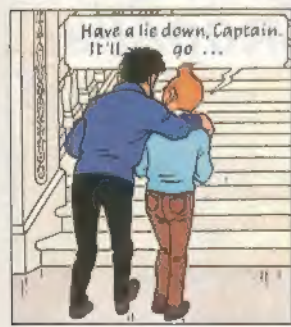
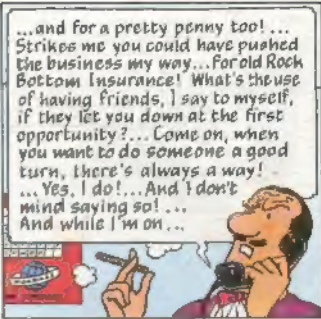
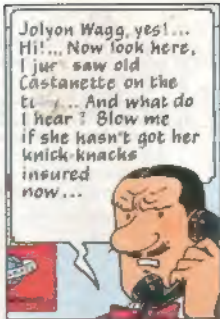


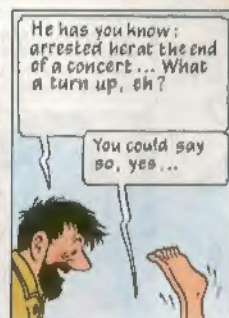
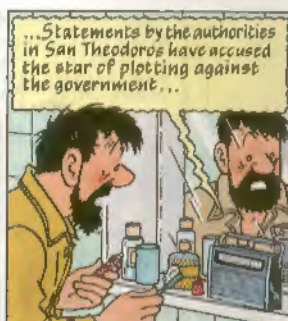
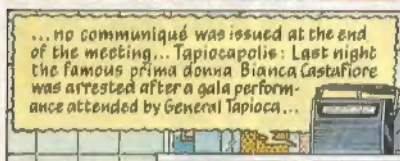
PFOUAGH!













Listen to this, Tintin: it's positively hilarious!

Go ahead, I'm all ears.

each have been...  
ference when the min...  
wards. Some was issued.  
no statement was issued.

# STAR IN TERRORIST PLOT BIANCA CASTAFIORE ARRESTED

TAPIOCAPOLIS, T...  
International oper...  
Bianca (Milanese...  
tonight by the S...  
Theodoros pol...  
is accused of the...  
against the st...  
Members of...  
entourage...  
taken into...  
city...

"... A search of her luggage revealed documents which prove conclusively the existence of a plot aimed at the removal of General Tapioca and the overthrow of his regime ...

... The San Theodorian government have let it be known that the plot is centred in a West European country, where the singer was staying before her departure for South America.

It's just like a cheap thriller!

Castafiore in a conspiracy!  
A conspiracy of silence, let's hope!!

DONG

Excuse me, sir, but there are two reporters downstairs... asking if you will see them.

Already?!

All right. Just let me put on a dressing-gown and I'll come.

Why, it's Christopher Willoughby-Drupe and Marco Rizzotto of "Paris-Flash".  
What can I do for you, gentlemen?

Good-morning, Captain. Forgive us for calling so early, but we wanted to be the first to ask what you think of this Castafiore business.

What do I think? ...  
Perfectly simple!...

I think it's a load of old rubbish! Blistering barnacles! Accusing Castafiore of conspiracy! ...  
Ridiculous!

Yes, but what about the accusations made against yourself?

Accusations against ME???

Ah, so you don't know about that yet? Here, look... in today's "Trumpeter" ...

?

Impossible!... Those SanTheodolites must be off their tripods!



Oh, it's you. Here, read this. It concerns you, too.



courageous action which will bring widespread benefits.

## CASTAFIORE CONSPIRACY TAPIOCA GOVERNMENT MAKES NEW CHARGES

Tapiocapolis: The Castafiore conspiracy was masterminded from Marlinspike in Western Europe, claimed a government spokesman today. He accused supporters of General Alcazar, and named as principal figures in the plot: Captain Haddock, Tintin the reporter, and Professor Calculus. All three are long-standing friends of General Alcazar. It is known that Signora Bianca Castafiore was recently a guest at Marlinspike Hall, country home of Captain

What is all this? They must be crazy!



You're telling me!

You deny it then?

I'll say we do! The whole story is bilge! Bilge from stem to stern!



DONG ?



'Morning squire! "Daily Reporter"! Hi!

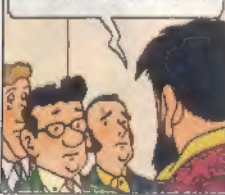


A few words for "Radio-Round", Captain...

... and for "Radio Rave-Up"...



Gentlemen, these accusations are as grotesque as they are false! Us? Conspirators? ... Blue blistering bell-bottomed balderdash!



Seriously... Here comes Professor Calculus. Look at him, then tell me whether you think he's capable of taking part in a conspiracy!



Perfectly, my dear sire! And proud of it!





Perfectly!... And I weigh my words. It's a shame, I tell you! A scandal! ...Imprisoning a poor, weak woman like that! We must take her case at once to the International Court of Justice!



You deny the allegations, Captain. All the same, General Alcazar is one of your friends, isn't he?

One of my friends?... I've met him two or three times, that's all.



If you say so. But I take it you won't deny that Signora Castafiore has been a guest here, at your invitation?...

Invitation? You mean invasion! But from that to conspiracy...



Still, let's not discuss it any more. I tell you, the accusations are insane... Now, gentlemen, let me offer you some whisky...



Let's drink to the release of the Milanese Nightingale, and...



... your good health!



Stop! Don't touch it!... There must be some mistake. This whisky is quite undrinkable!

Undrinkable? On the contrary, it's excellent!

Velvet!

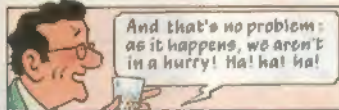
Mmm...



You mustn't drink it, I tell you! It tastes like poison!

Of course, of course: a poison that kills slowly! It's a known fact! Ha! ha! ha!

And that's no problem: as it happens, we aren't in a hurry! Ha! ha! ha!



I'm the only one who finds the whisky revolting. Why? There's something fishy going on...



Unless... That's an idea... Maybe it's a new brand Nestor bought.



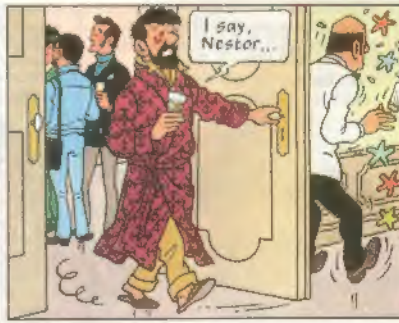
I must ask him...



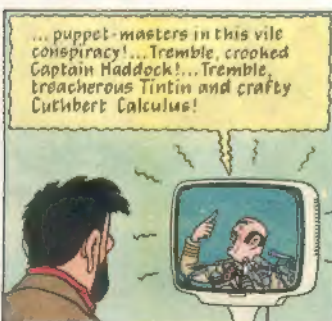
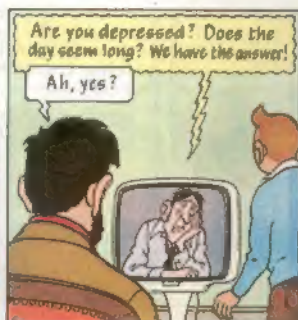
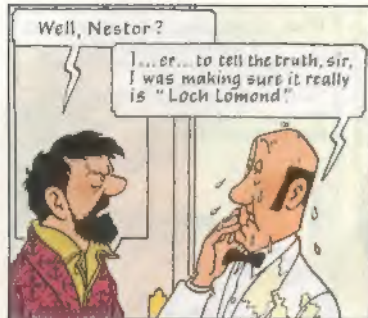
I can't understand the master: I find this "Loch Lomond" superb, as always.

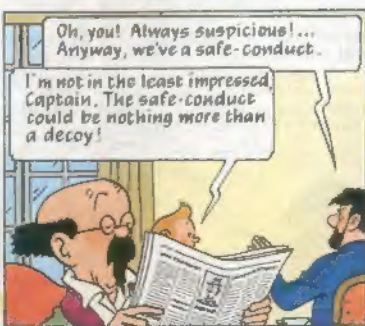
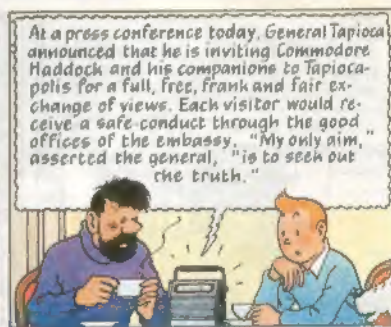
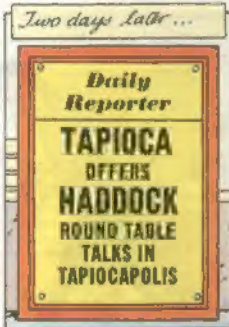
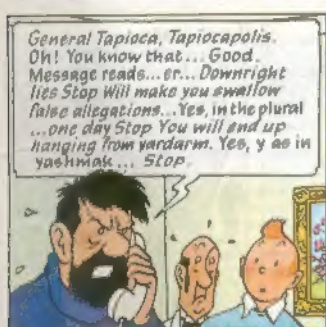
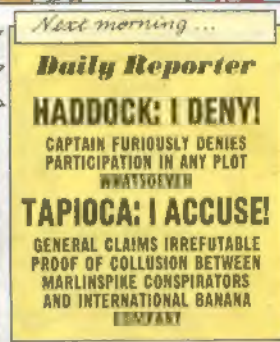
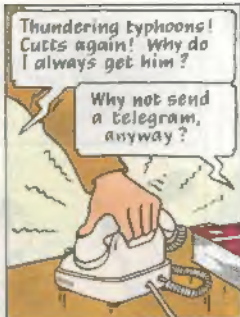
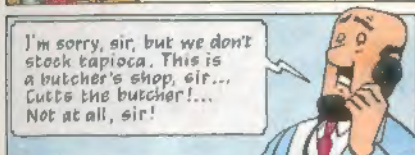
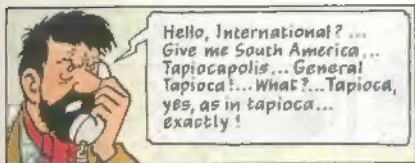


I say, Nestor...

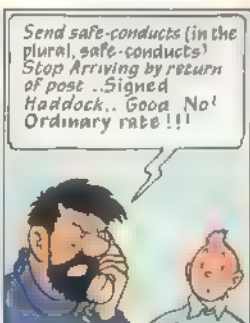
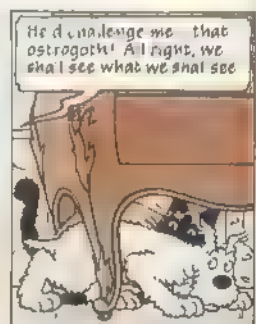
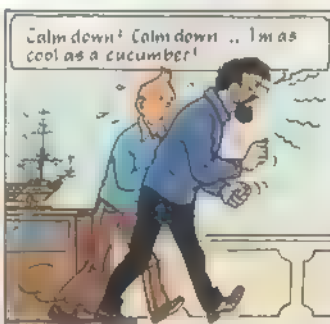
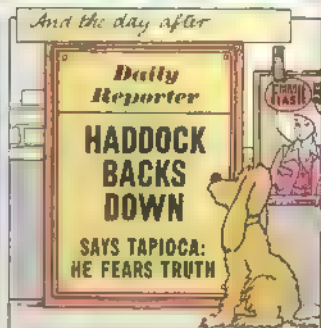
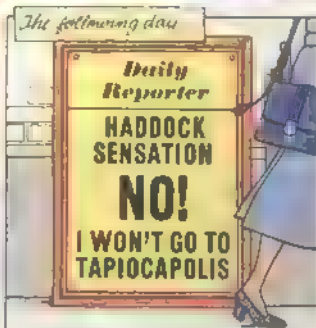
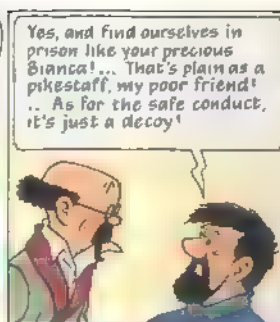


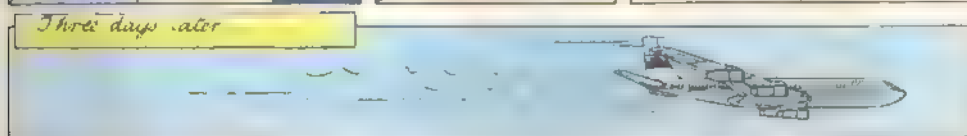




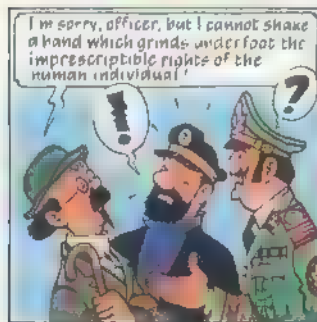
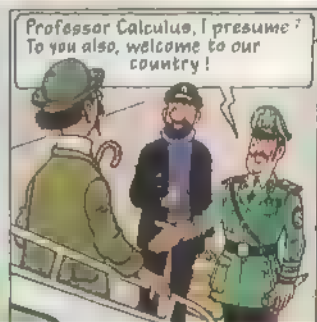
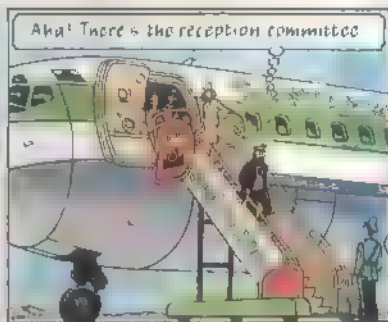
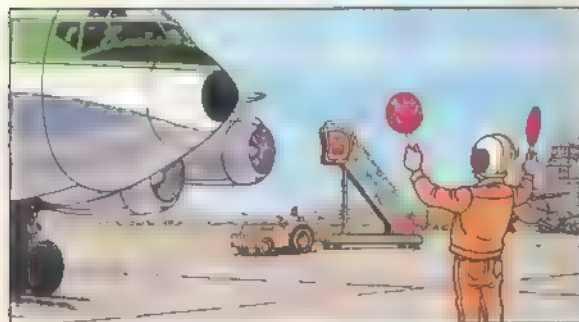
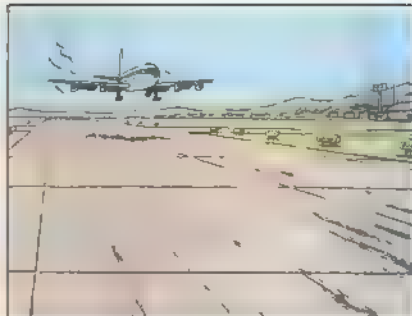
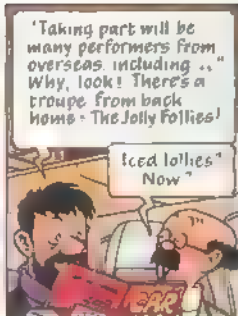


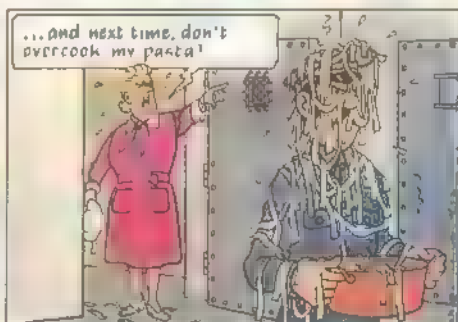
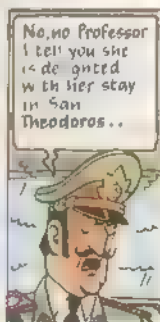
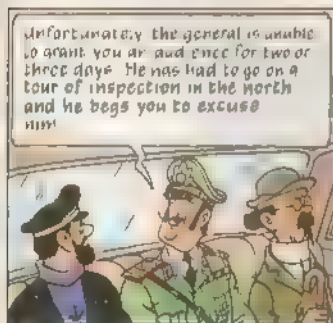
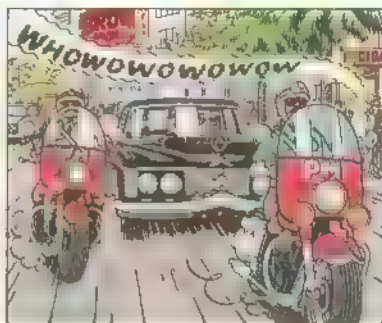






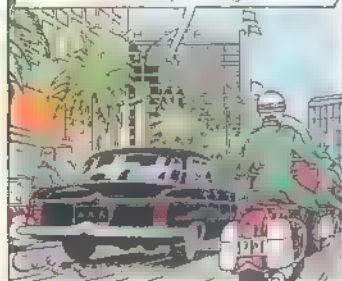








Ah! Our hotel, I imagine?

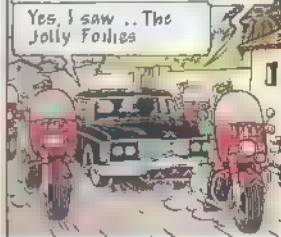


No, señor Commodore. We thought you would prefer the peace of the countryside to the hubbub of the city. Besides, the carnival will be starting shortly... Then there'll be incessant noise round here, all day and all night. You wouldn't get a wink of sleep.



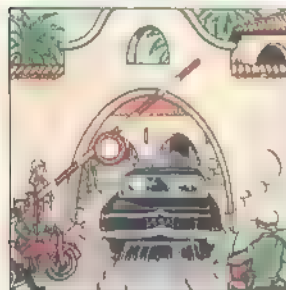
Did you know, a party of your compatriots are joining the festivities this year?

Yes, I saw... The Jolly Follies



Half an hour later

Here we are



You've got us well guarded



Just a simple precaution. Ah yes, two swimming-pool in over the other side

And Tintin was suspicious!



These are your apartments, señor Commodore: I hope they will please you

I'm sure



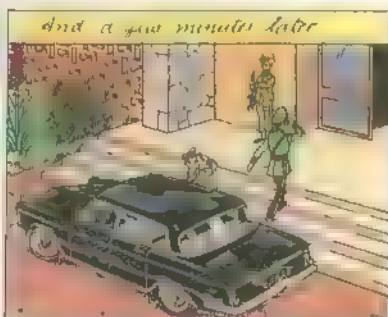
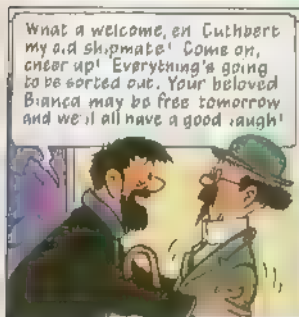
Of course, a servant will be at your disposal throughout your stay with us...

Too kind, Colonel!

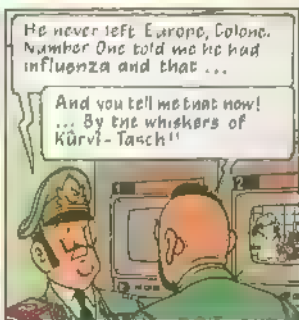
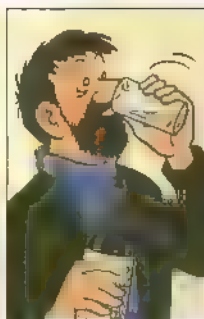


Ah, here he is now!









Good, I'll think about it. Meanwhile, you'll have to stall the others. Tell them everybody's got influenza... that the Casta-Fiore's lost her voice. Tell them anything you like... to gain time.

Very good  
Go on!

Meanwhile

What a beautiful evening! It must be lovely outside

Hello, what's this?  
Rusted up?

Come open... you stupid stubborn

CRACK

Billions of billions blue blistering barnacles! Why does everything happen to me?

¿Que pasa?

¿Que pasa? Que pasa is that I tried to open that confounded window!... And kindly put away the blunderbuss, those things have a habit of aging off

No good to open señor... air conditioning

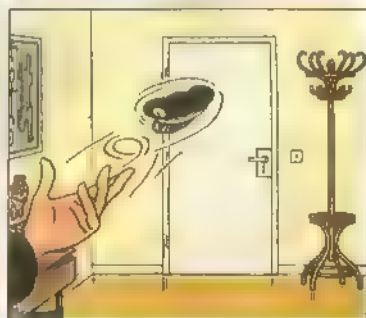
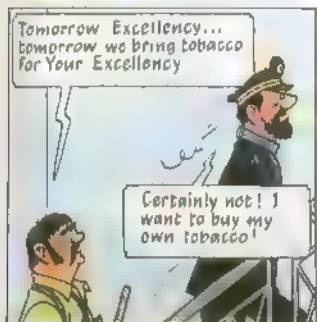
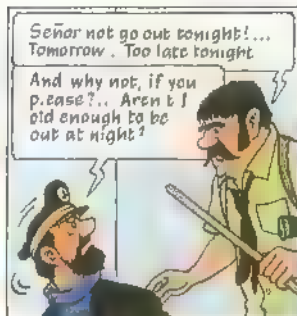
That may well be so but I don't happen to like canned air. Kindly open the window, por favor!

Windows, they do not open señor  
Buenas noches señor.

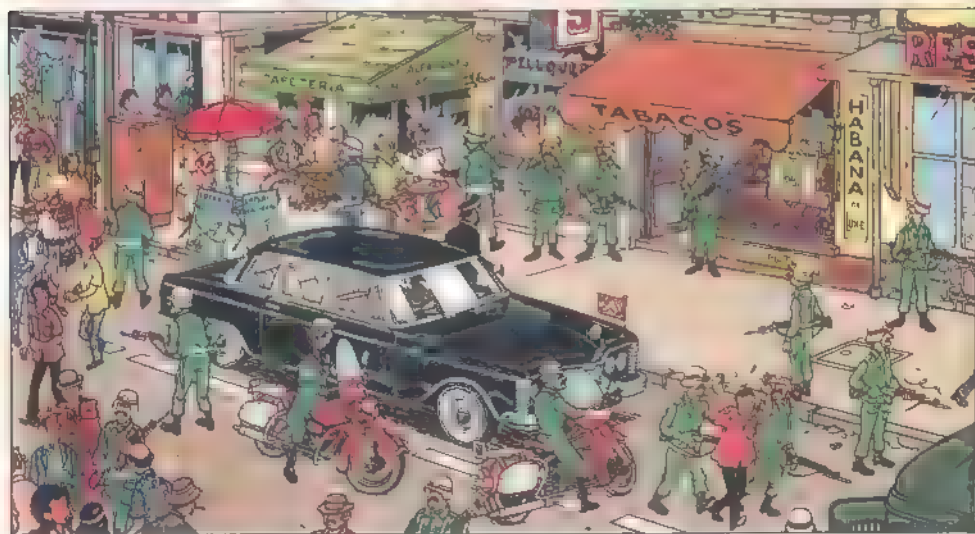
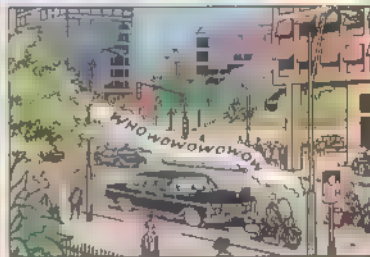
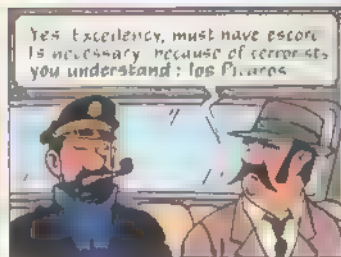
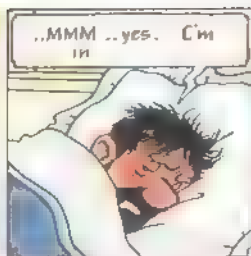
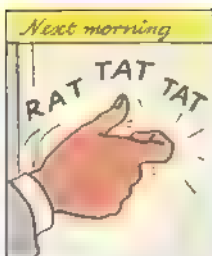
Thanks friend really, you try too hard!

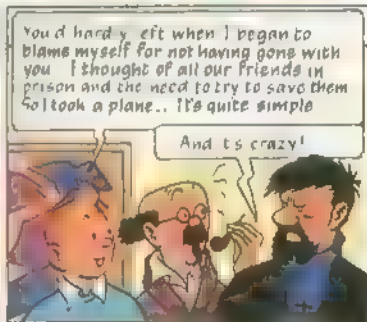
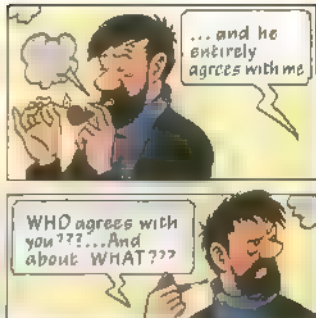
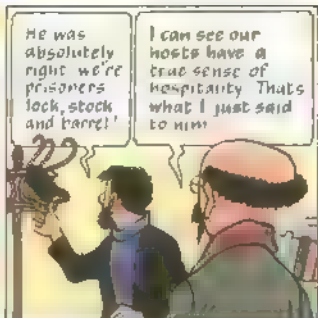
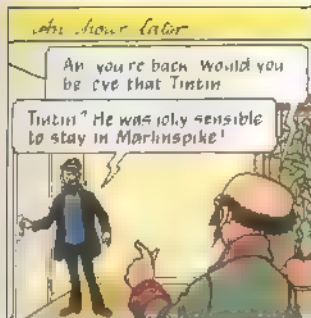




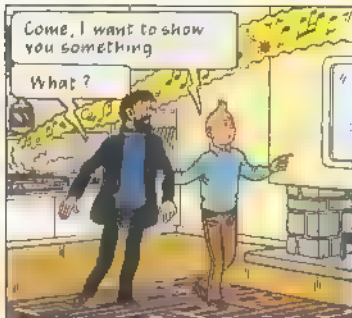












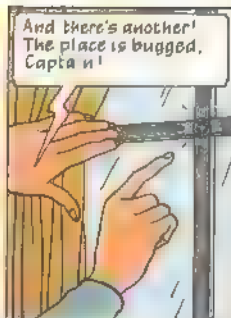
Come, I want to show you something

What?



There look

A microphone  
The pirates!



And there's another!  
The place is bugged,  
Captain!



And I'm pretty sure they  
have cameras hidden in  
every corner.. I'd bet  
my life on it.



Behind a two way mirror, for instance.  
He isn't one perhaps

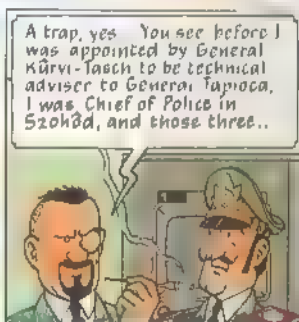


Aha He's no fool that boy!



No fool. He uses his head. But as  
I foresaw, that didn't stop him  
following the others into the trap  
I prepared for them.

A trap,  
Colonel?



A trap, yes. You see before I  
was appointed by General  
Kürvi-Tasch to be technical  
adviser to General Tapioca,  
I was Chief of Police in  
Szohád, and those three..



busybodies subjected me  
to a bitter humiliation

You, Colonel,  
humiliated?

Yes, me..



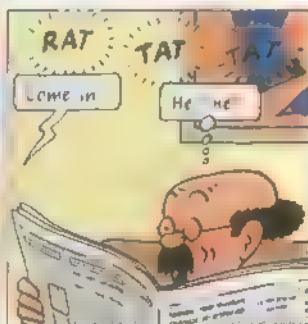
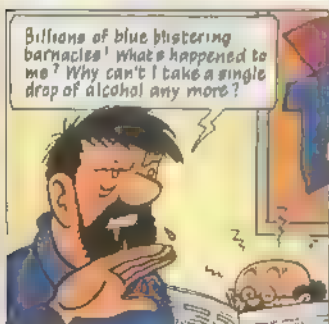
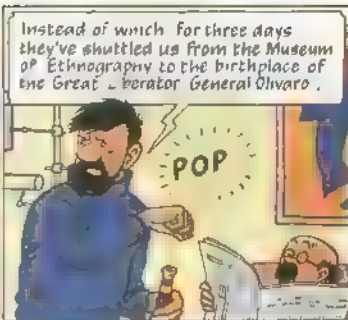
..and I've never forgotten  
it. But fate sometimes  
plays into one's hands.  
When I heard that Blanca  
Castafiore was planning a  
tour in South America  
immediately..



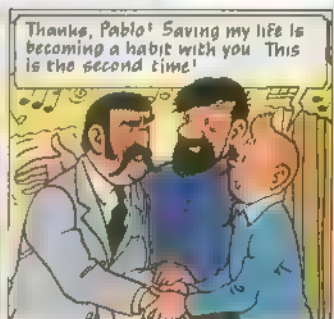
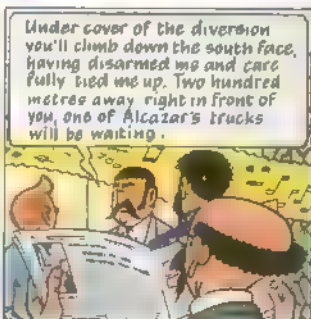
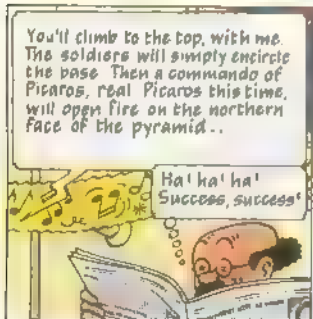
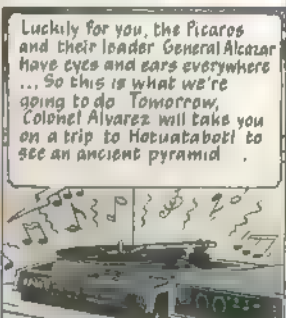
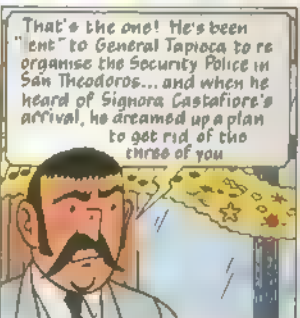
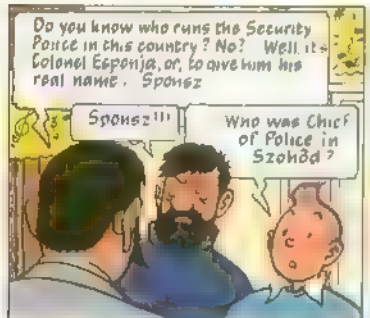
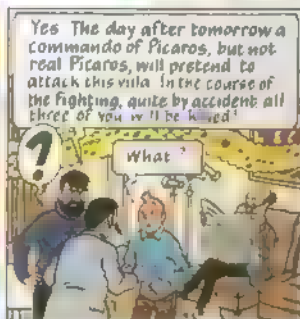
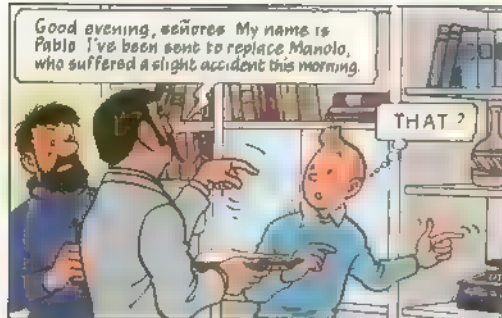
reassessed now, could take advantage  
of the situation. I only had to arrest  
her after forging compromising  
documents and having them  
shipped into her luggage.  
I concocted an entirely  
fictitious



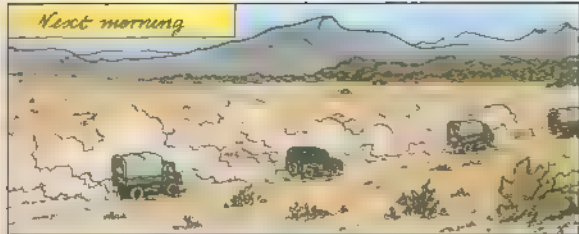
conspiracy against General  
Tapioca. It only remained for  
me to give an international  
slant to the affair... And  
there it was a brilliant  
conception, eh?



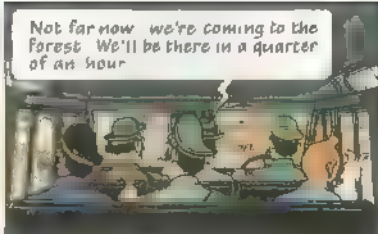




Next morning



Not far now we're coming to the forest. We'll be there in a quarter of an hour.



Your young friend seems very preoccupied

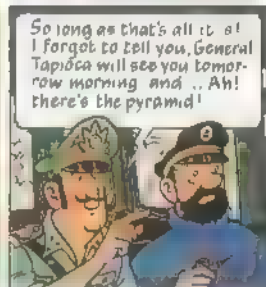
Oh, you've noticed it too?



He's upset to have had no word from General Tapioca



So long as that's all it is! I forgot to tell you, General Tapioca will see you tomorrow morning and... Ah! there's the pyramid!



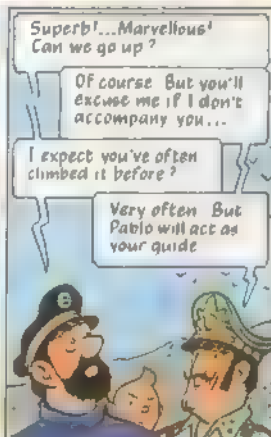
Magnificent, isn't it?

Superb!...Marvellous! Can we go up?

Of course. But you'll excuse me if I don't accompany you...

I expect you've often climbed it before?

Very often. But Pablo will act as your guide.



They're all yours, Pablo. Very good, Colonel.



Be careful. It's a steep slope and many people get giddy up there.

You are most thoughtful, Colonel.



Come along Professor

No thank you, Captain, I'd rather stay here. As you know, I suffer from vertigo...



No no you must come. There'll be a spectacular view from the top!

That's right, you go without me.



Cuthbert, come along. I beg of you!

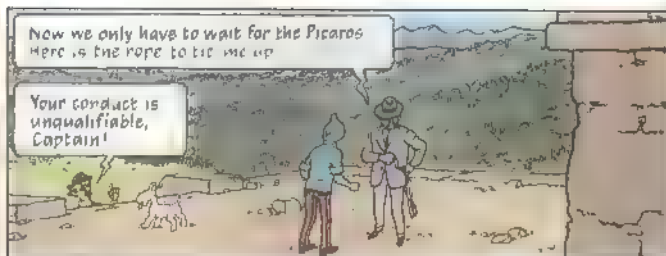
Great sunspots! I told you I don't want to!







But I don't want to tie you



Now we only have to wait for the Picaros  
Here is the rope to tie me up

Your conduct is  
unqualifiable,  
Captain!



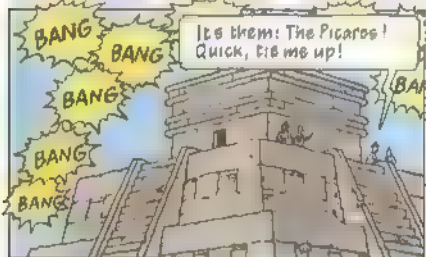
Unqualifiable that's the word!

Whew!  
We made it!



And here's  
my gun.

Thanks Pablo!



It's them: The Picaros!  
Quick, tie me up!



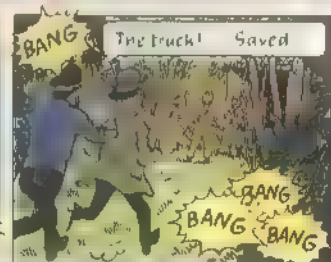
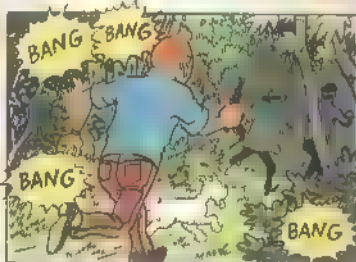
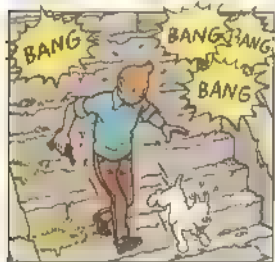
Goodbye, Pablo! I'll never  
forget what you've done  
for us!

MMM  
MMM



Goodbye, Pablo! I'll never  
forget what you've done  
for us!

Ooh Ahh!  
My vertigo!



In with the driver, quick!



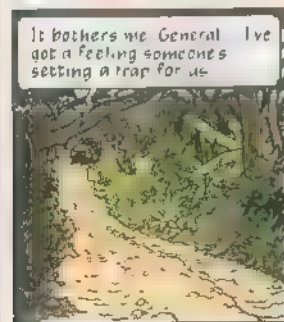
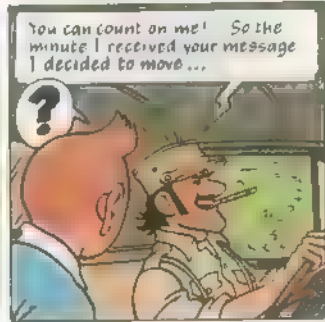
Hop n, an go mio!

General  
Alcazar!

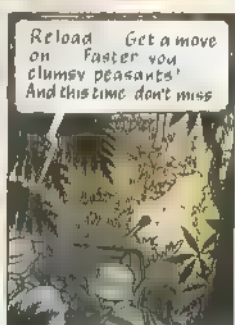
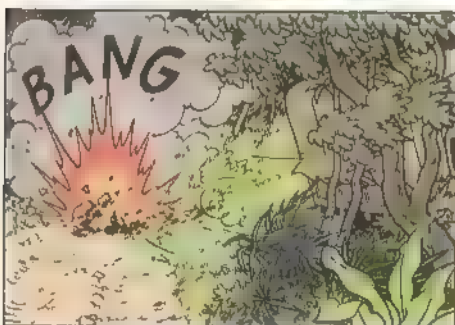
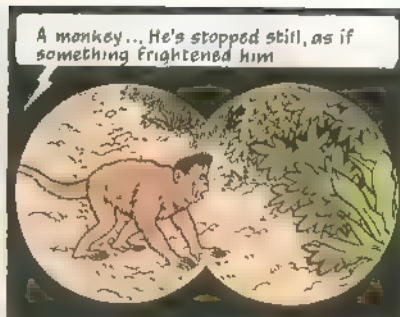


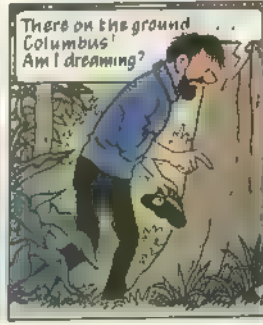
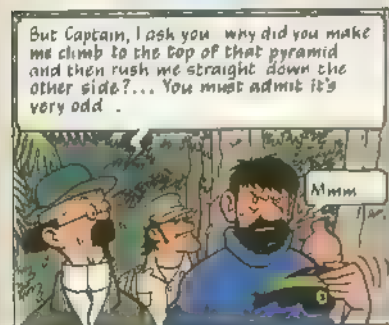
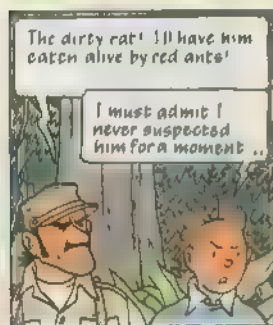
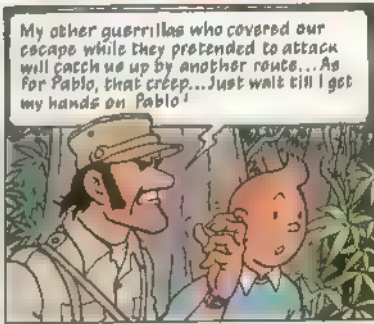
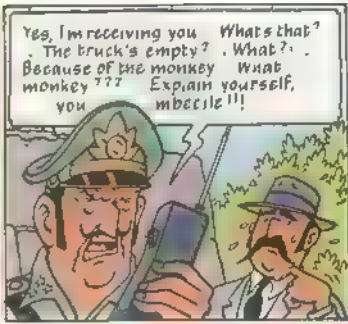
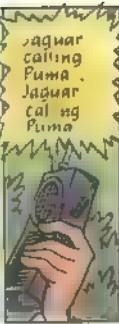
So, the trap is sprung!  
Good work, Pablo!

It was quite easy Co one!

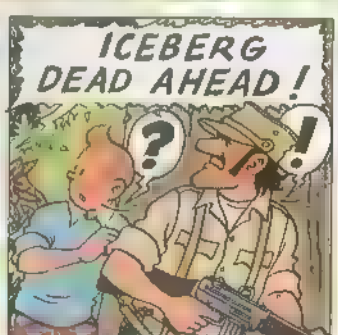
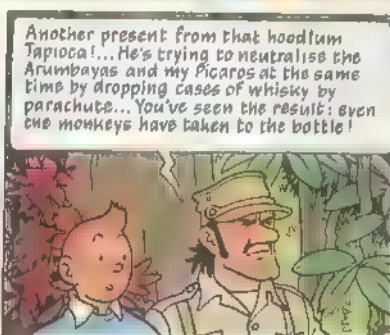
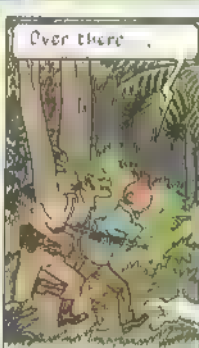


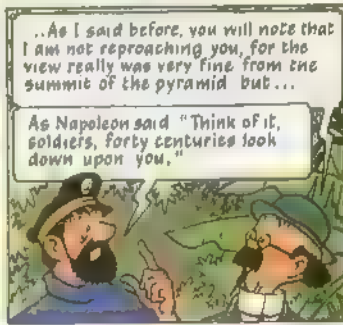
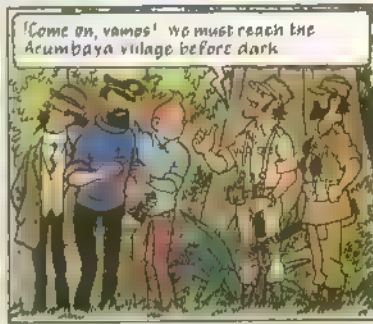






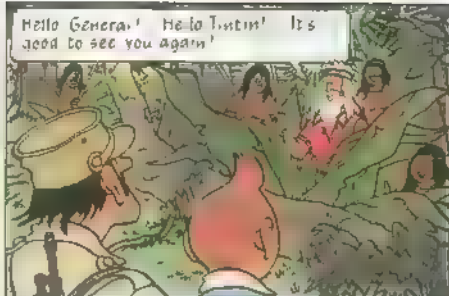








Ridgewell: You never get any better do you, you old oger! Come on out of there!



Hello General! Hello Tintin! It's good to see you again!



Nice to be back Doctor Ridgewell! How are the Arumbayas? Learnt to play golf yet?



Don't talk about it! But on the other hand they've made great strides...in drunkenness I'm afraid...By courtesy of General Tapioca!



LET ME GO! TINTIN!!! HELP!!!



Tintin help! Save me! Stop thief! Fire!.. Police! Help I am undone!

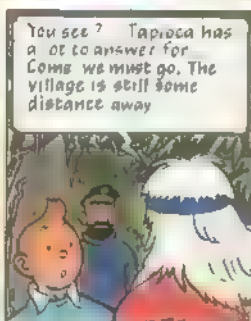
Ha! ha! ha!

Wotat it fat!

Ha! ha! ha!



That's enough! G daktu vit!



You see? Tapioca has a lot to answer for. Come, we must go. The village is still some distance away.



D'you mean a/s That's what "civilisation" has done for those "savages"?



That evening  
There's the Arumbaya village.

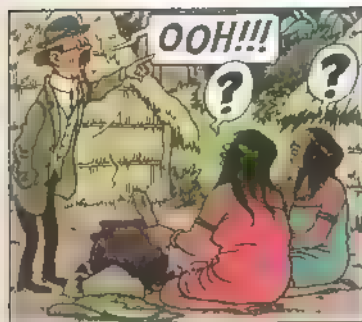


Excuse me, Captain. I see they are preparing some sort of meal over there.



He! he





OOH!!!

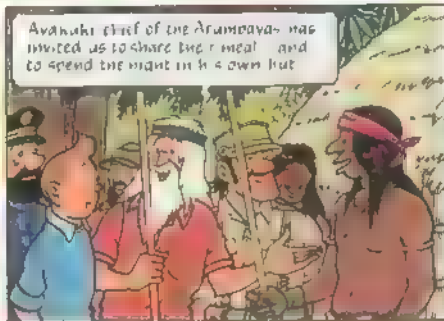
?

?



?

?



Avaaku chief of the Arumeaya- has invited us to share his meal and to spend the night in his own hut

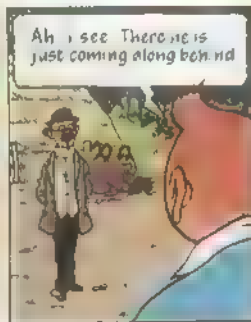


Please thank him from us and tell him we accept with pleasure. Don't we, Captain?

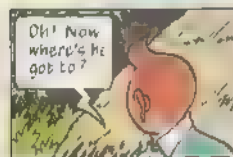
Fu! astern



Don't we Professor?



Ah, I see. There he is just coming along behind



Oh! Now where's he got to?



That evening



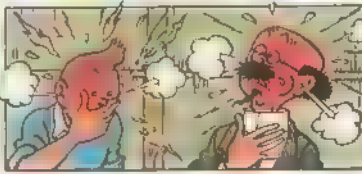
You may not fancy this very much but pretend to like it. It's important not to offend them

Don't worry

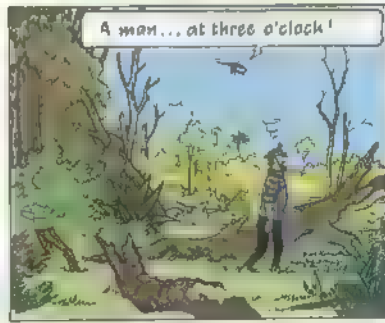
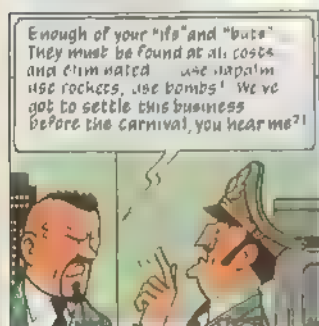


Bon appetit Professor!

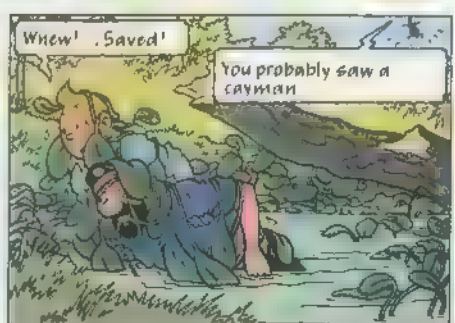
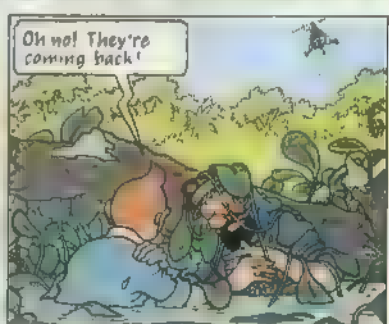
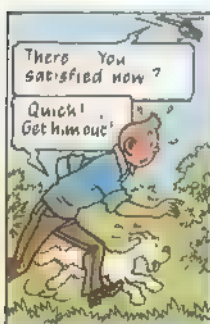
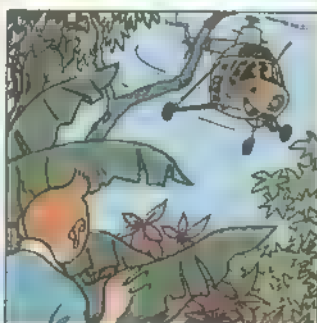
Certainly not. On the contrary I'm passionately fond of all exotic foods!

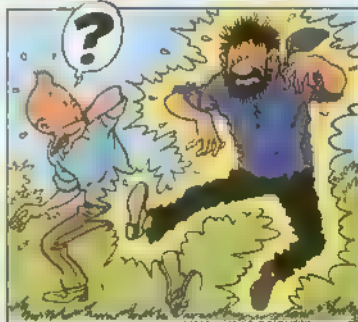
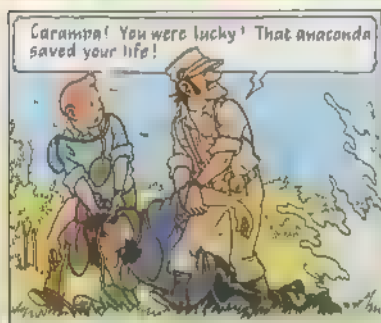
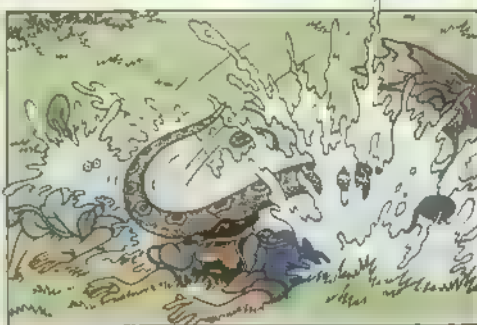
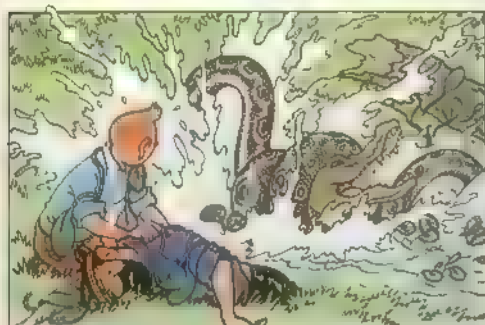
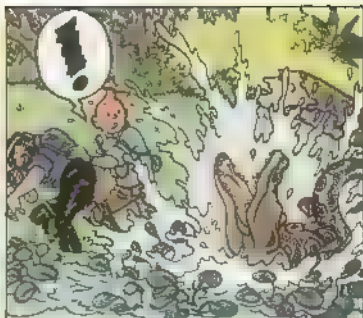
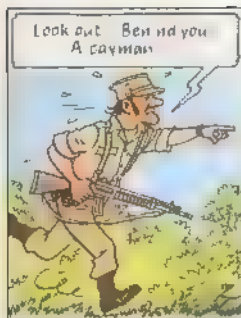






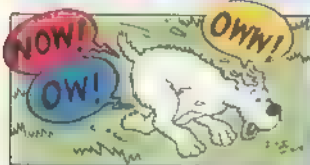








It's nothing, Captain... Just a little fish... a sort of eel. It slipped in under your jersey

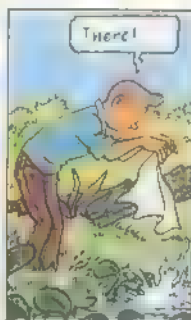


Yes, it's a gymnotus, a dear little gymnotus: an electric fish



Lucky for you it was only a little one. Big electric eels grow up to a couple of metres long and can stun a horse with a single discharge!

Well, lucky for me that I'm not a horse!



Come, señores, it's time we were moving on. It's a long way from here to the camp and we do better to get there in daylight...



That evening

Nearly there, just another quarter of an hour, and we'll be with my Picaros



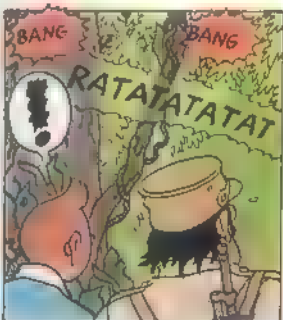
Are there a lot of Picaros?

Oh, at least thirty

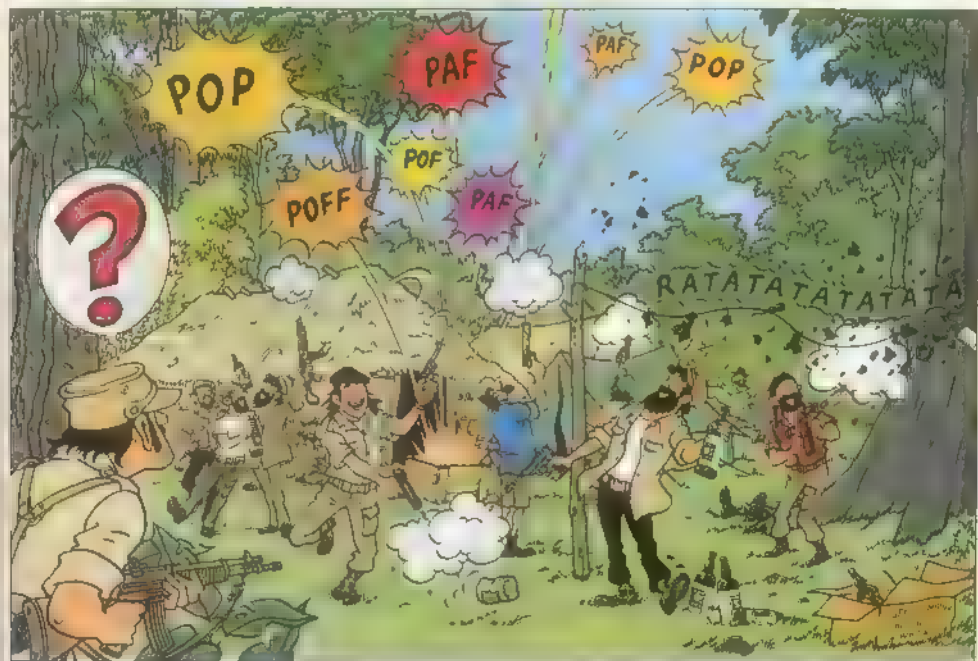
And you plan to regain power with thirty men?... I must say, General, you certainly have plenty of nerve

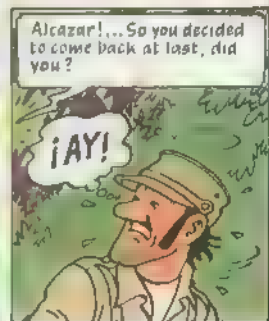
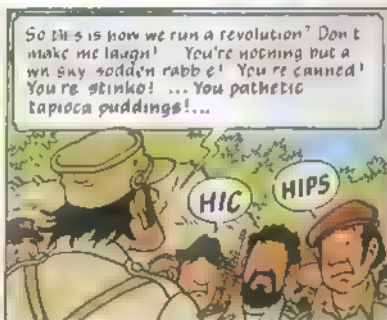
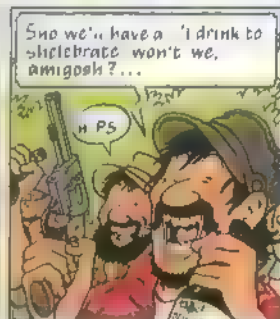


Sure, hombre! It's perfectly possible, but only during the carnival. For those three days the hooch flows like water... even the garrison get hopelessly drunk... So, if we want to succeed, we have to mount our operation during the carnival









Look who's here! . And just where d'you think you've been Mr Big?

Good evening, Peggy, my dove!

You promised me to be home the same night! . And you've been gone three whole days!

I can explain, palomita mia

Yeah, yeah, I know: any excuse is better than none! And what about me? Effort to be in a lousy mud hut? That's real dandy!

The general promised me a palace in Tapiocapolis! And all the general provides is a beat-up palliasso crawling with bugs and roaches!

But

These guys your friends? .. Oh, I warn them: they think they're gonna make the rules around here, they're mighty mistaken!

Thank you, gracious lady, for those kind words! . Please believe that we are extremely touched by your generous welcome, and allow me to offer you our most humble respects...

SMACK

That a weak woman should share the hardships and, let us admit it, the dangers of guerrilla life, commands not only our utmost respect but our profound admiration!

.. And I speak in a sincerity, dear lady

You coming Alcazar?

Yes my dove

She seems a little or broke on first acquaintance, but she has a heart of gold...

Of course, General. One sees it immediately...

What a delightful lady!... So graceful! Such exquisite femininity!... As for that poor man

His revolution will never succeed with a collection of drunkards like that. Never, unless someone gives him a hand.. And it is I who will do it! , Cuthbert Calculus!

You?

You!



No, gentlemen, I am not a fool! I know exactly what I am saying!

You've missed a

My sister ??? What about my sister? What's my sister done to you? Will you be good enough to leave my sister out of this? And now, listen to me

You see this tube of tablets? Well, it contains a product that I have recently perfected. It has a base of medicinal herbs...

The preparation has no taste, no smell, and is absolutely non-toxic. Having said that, a single one of those tablets administered in either food or drink imparts a disgusting taste to any alcohol taken thereafter.

...And the very first person upon whom I tested it was you, Captain!

You dared to do that? ...Borgia! ... Cannibal! ... Miserable blundering barbecued blister..

I tell you my sister has absolutely nothing to do with it!

And furthermore you can thank me for being concerned for your health!

Please, Captain!

It's a disgrace! A scandal! A monstrous attack upon the personal freedom of the individual

Precisely! And again yesterday, with the Indians, you could see for yourselves the efficacy of my invention..

But I never knew you had

No, young man, I am not mad! And I would ask you to show a little more respect towards a man of mature years!

No no I insist

And for heaven's sake stop talking about my sister!

My sister! Just a moment... My sister ???

...And another thing!.. I don't have a sister.. I never had a sister.. And don't you forget it!

So there

Stray with him, Captain... And for the time being stop him from doing anything hasty... I'm off to talk to the General!



Come in!



Ah, it's you, amigo mio! Come on in

I'm not disturbing you?



Alcazar the dishes!

I'll carry on presently, palomita mia, I promise!



Sit down, hombre! What brings you here?



Another cigar? ..That makes three since you came back!

Does... does it my dove?



I've been thinking over what you said to me earlier... a revolution is impossible while your Pigueros have only one idea in their heads... whisky!

Alas, that's quite true



But what would you say if someone succeeded in curing them of their bad habits?

Ah, that's impossible, amigo



And yet... if you managed to do that, Mr. bombas, I'd give you half the gold reserves in the Banco de la Nación!

Ahem!

or, let's say a third

Ahem!

Well... er... ten per cent... What about that?



I don't want anything like that... not a centavo, General!

Then what do you want, amigo? Tell me...



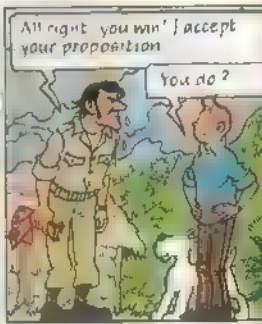
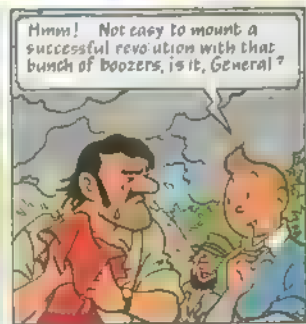
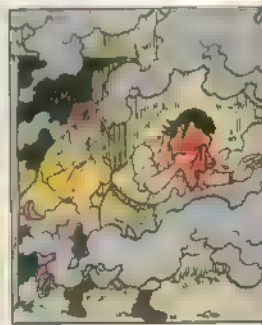
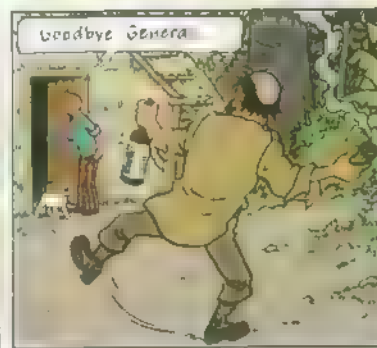
A promise that you'll carry out your revolution without bloodshed... that there won't be any reprisals, or executions, or anything of that sort...

WHAT?

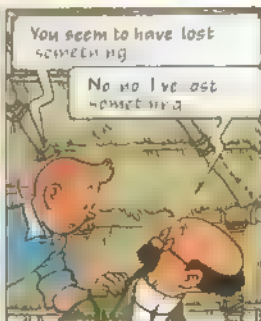
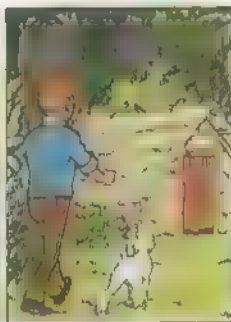
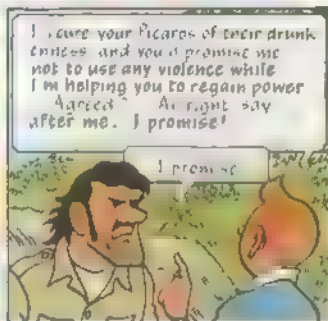
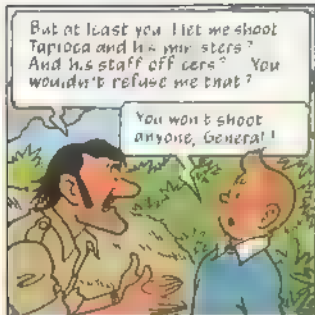


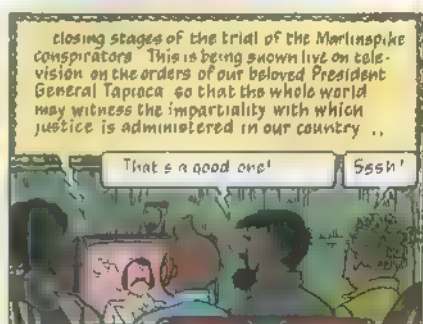
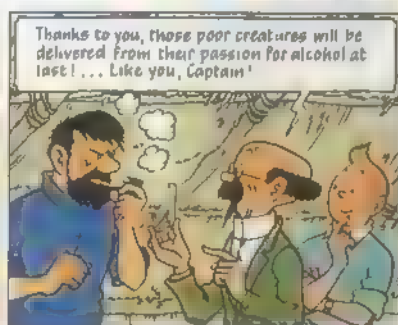
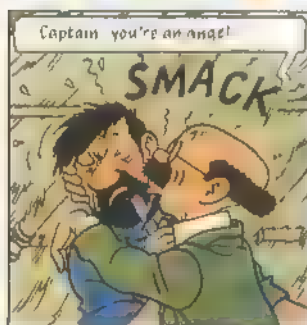
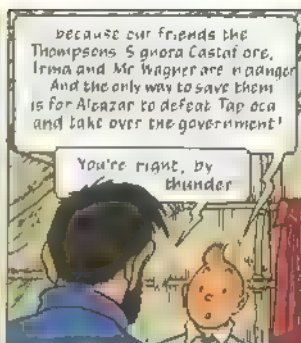
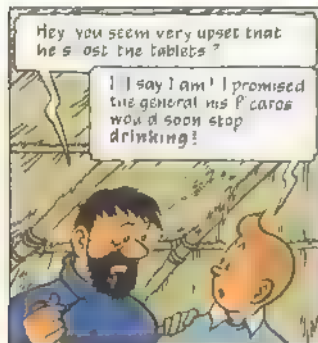
You're crazy!... Or else you're a traitor... and ought to be shot here and now!











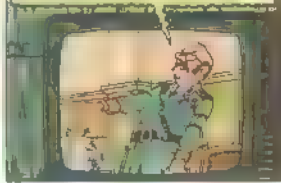
Recently, our beloved President generously invited Captain Haddock, Professor Calculus and the reporter Tintin to our country to put their case. He guaranteed their freedom. And how did they repay him? With cold cynicism! They took the first opportunity to flee into the jungle and join their accomplice Alcazar and his villainous Picaros!



This action alone is enough to prove that the grave accusations against the three defendants are entirely justified. But over now to the Palace of Justice where the Public Prosecutor is putting the case for the Republic...



You have before you, gentle men, two sinister characters who, more easily to accomplish their evil purpose Do I need to remind you of it?



...to assassinate our beloved President, did not hesitate to pass themselves off as honest police men! But their monstrous subtlety Fuge deceived no one! Look at their low brows, their furtive glances!



..In short, look at their brutish faces! Policemen? Them? Cheats! Imposters! Assassins!



Men who, to appear as loyal supporters of General Tapioca and the noble ideology of Kärvi-Tasch, carried their duplicity so far as to grow moustaches!



That's a lie! ... We've been wearing moustaches since we were born!

To be precise, we're worn bearing them!



Silence! ..You will speak when you are spoken to!



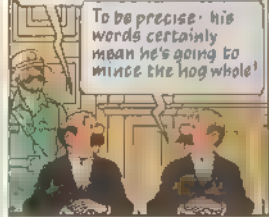
..Gentlemen, for these two wretches, who can have no claim to extenuating circumstances, I demand the DEATH PENALTY!

You see? None of your fancy scruples there, eh?



The death penalty!! ... He certainly doesn't mince his words. He means to go the whole hog!

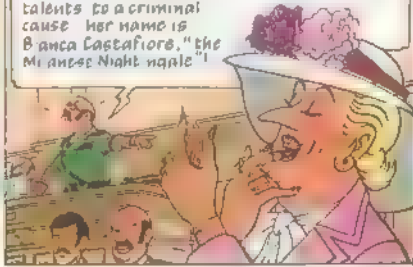
To be precise, his words certainly mean he's going to mince the whole hog!



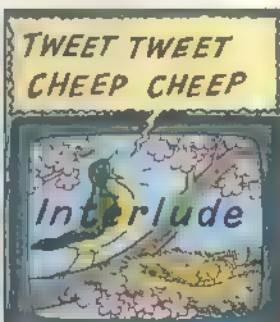
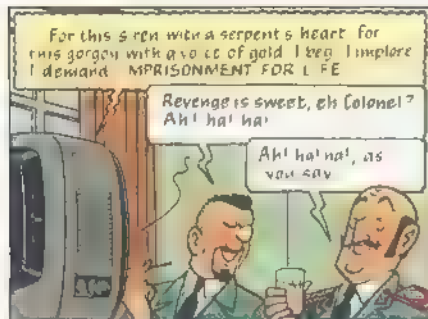
But the real brains behind the plot and we have here documents which prove it irrefutably are those of a woman!!!



A woman or should we call her a monster? who lent her talents, her undoubted talents to a criminal cause her name is Bianca Castafiore, "the Mince Night hagle"!









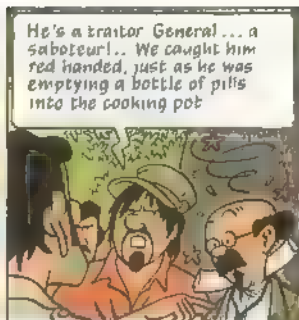
Help! Help! Save me!

The Professor!



Kill the traitor!

Haha him!



He's a traitor General... a saboteur!.. We caught him red handed, just as he was emptying a bottle of pills into the cooking pot

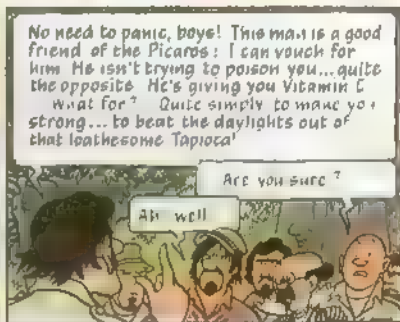


There's no doubt about it... he was trying to poison us! Let's shoot the nasty little reptile!



General?

Yes?



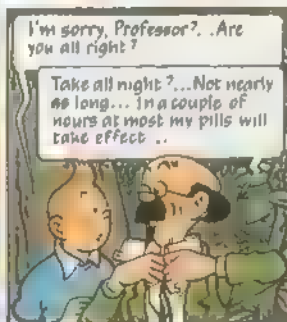
No need to panic, boys! This man is a good friend of the Picards: I can vouch for him. He isn't trying to poison you... quite the opposite. He's giving you Vitamin C. What for? Quite simply to make you strong... to beat the daylight out of that loathesome Tapioca!

Are you sure?

Ah well



Sure as I stand here!... Eat away! I give you my solemn word... you won't come to any harm!



I'm sorry, Professor?.. Are you all right?

Take all night?... Not nearly so long... In a couple of hours at most my pills will take effect..



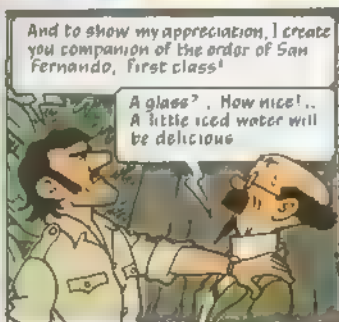
From that moment, none of those men will be able to stomach a single drop of alcohol!.. Just like you Captain! Isn't that marvelous?

GNNNN!



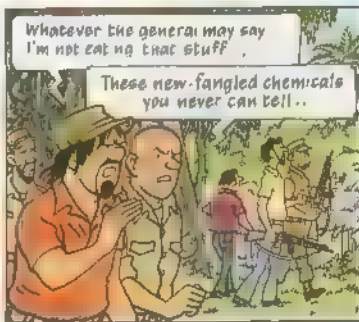
Gracias however you wish!

M.B.L



And to show my appreciation, I create you companion of the order of San Fernando, first class!

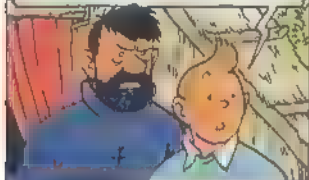
A glass?.. How nice!.. A little iced water will be delicious



Whatever the general may say I'm not eating that stuff..

These new-fangled chemicals you never can tell..

Look at them, Captain... They're obviously suspicious. And if they don't eat that food they'll go on drinking. So the revolution will fail... and our friends the Thompsons will be shot!



There's the dog. He belongs to the primos. I'm going to give him some of that vitaminized stew. If he eats it, we will too. Otherwise...

He's right!

Taaree!



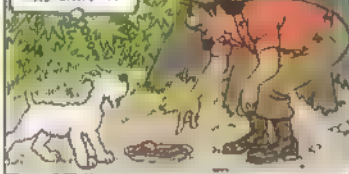
Doggywoggy? Come come come come.

He o what does he want me for?



Come come come! ...Yumyyyum! Looky dere! ... Looky dere, good for little doggywogsies!...

He must be daft, talking like that...



Let's hope... let's hope he'll eat the food.



?

SNIFF  
SNIFF  
SNIFF



Y EEEK!



You saw that boys! Are we going to eat what even a dog won't touch?

You're right!

We won't eat that much!



Go back at once, Snowy and eat it!

But...



That's oop! It's full of pimentos!



SCHLOOP  
GLURP  
GLURP  
SCHLOP



Hey boys! Look! He's changed his mind!... Now we can have some too!

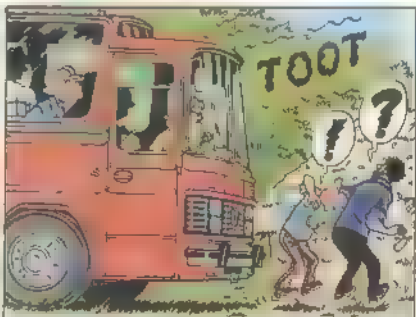
¡Bueno! I'm hungry!



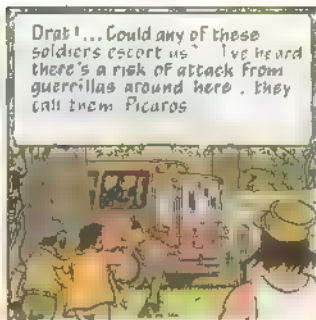
They're eating it! Now we can save our friends!



TOOT



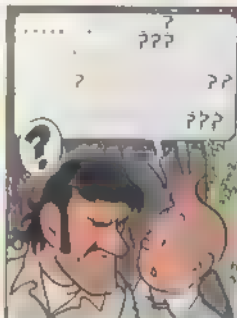
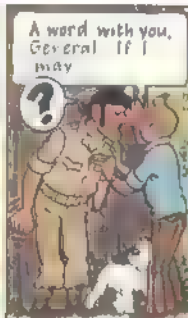





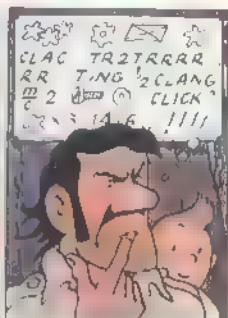
Hi there, me old F'eld Marshal!  
...So you're the top brass for  
these boozy brigands!



$\frac{1}{2}$   
 $\frac{1}{2}$   
 $\frac{1}{2}$   
 $\frac{1}{2}$



CLAC TR2TRRRR  
RR TING 1/2 CLANG  
m/2  CLICK  
14.6. 1111



# CLICK

Thanks General



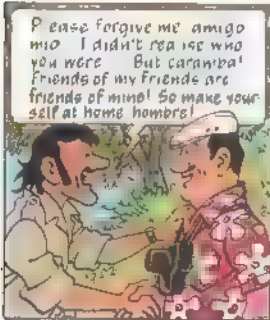
We come to the figures, which



And this evening am I, you and  
all your folks will be my guests!  
So - we'll have a grand fiesta,  
with whisky by the gallon!  
Just you wait!

What did you say to him?

You'll see in due course



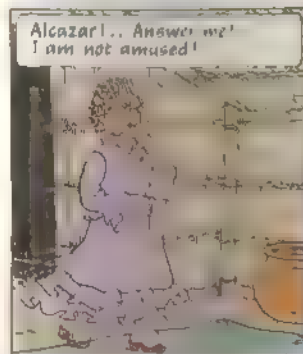
That night

What's the matter with this  
whisky? It's simply disgusting!

REFLAGN

You must be such a  
big eater!

WE'RE THE JOLLY JOLLY FOLLIES  
HEY NONNY NO HEY NONNY NO



My dear  
I've gone to start the rev-  
lution against the vial  
Tajoca. When it over you  
will have the pills which  
I've promised you  
Much love from your  
Zazar  
I've borrowed the Golyfollis  
buss and have left Juan  
Pizarro to look after you.  
Z

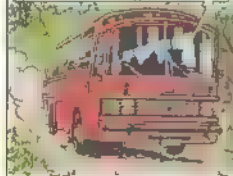




'Caramba! These Jolly Folies were sent from heaven!...Thanks to them and to your friend Calculus I'll soon be back in power..

It's a shabby way to treat those poor people, sneaking off with their bus and their costumes. But it's the only way to save our friends..

Never mind, I'll be able to reward them with appropriate generosity as soon as I've chucked out that vile Tapioca. I'll admit them all to the Order of San Fernando.



Tomorrow afternoon we'll arrive in Tapiocapolis and that'll soon be re-named Alcazaropolis. It's the opening day of the carnival. Before we reach the city we'll rehearse our plans to the very last detail.

We'll be dressed in the Jolly Folies costumes with our guns at the ready.

The next afternoon!

This is it, my brave Picaros! We're here! ...Now each of you guys remember what you have to do.



# Meanwhile

Are you sure it isn't dangerous, General, letting all these people assemble in front of the windows? You'll be a sitting target for the first Picaro.

No danger, Colonel.

Even if by some extraordinary chance armed Picaros managed to infiltrate the crowd, they'd be far too drunk to shoot straight! As you know, my parachute drops of whisky have been a total success.

My spies have been quite definite. Alcazar's men are never sober. And they'd be quite incapable of engaging in any serious action, poor fools.



The Alcazar

Everybody out



Watch it Captain, remember you're a Folly!

Don't worry!

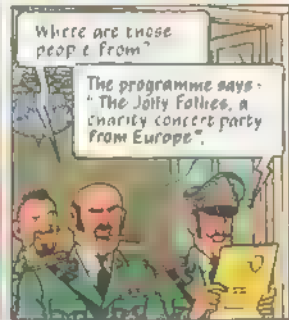


♪ WE'RE THE JOLLY JOLLY FOLLIES ♪ HEY NONNY NO ♪ HEY NONNY NO ♪



Where are those people from?

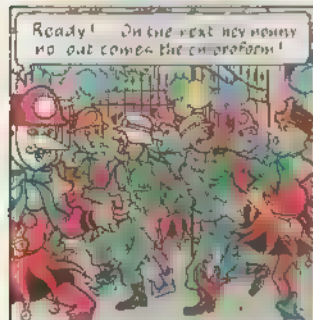
The programme says: "The Jolly Follies, a charity concert party from Europe."



Excellent! Just listen to the beat! They've even got our guards joining in the dance!



Ready! On the next hey nonny no, out comes the champagne!

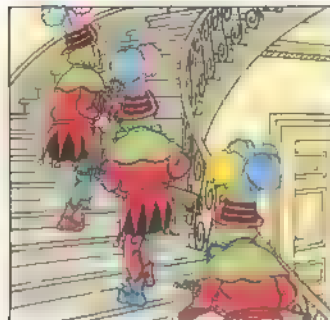


HEY NONNY NO! ?



Put him with the rest in the porch. Your arms are here.





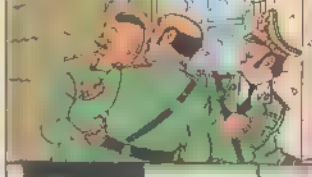
Ha! ha! ha! They're hilarious!  
Have some of them brought up  
here. I'd like to meet these  
jolly fellows!

As the General  
wishes!



You sent for us, General?  
Here we are! Happy  
Carnival!

?!?



What sort of joke is this?

It isn't a joke, my dear  
Tapioca. Look who's  
here!



**ALCAZAR!!!**

GENERAL Alcazar to you,  
EX-General Tapioca!



Look Captain! Do you recognise  
that off for there, next to  
Colonel Alvarez?

Thundering ty-  
phoons! Sponez!



Now my dear Tapioca, you will kindly read out this  
little speech prepared by us. We shall, of course,  
be recording it on tape...

I will never  
read it!



Tut tut  
amigo!

Never say never

Very well! I surrender  
to violence, but I  
protest!



Get on with it  
And make it sound  
convincing!



Friends, comrades, countrymen!... This  
carnival day marks a turning-point in  
the history of our native land...



..For today I have decided to  
hand over all my powers to General  
Alcazar who from now on will lead  
our beloved country forward  
along the road of economic  
social and cultural progress  
Long live San Theodoros  
Long live General Alcazar



Thanks, amigo!  
You'll be a sensation  
on the radio







Don't be afraid Pablo, no one is going to hurt you. You once saved my life, and I haven't forgotten that. You are free to go... Adios, Pablo!

You made a mistake there, Tintín, and you'll live to regret it. You're making a rod for your own back. To be precise...

The Thompsons, General! The Thompsons... They could be shot while we stand here talking!

Ah, yes... you think so?

Yes, General. The execution is due to take place in twenty-two minutes precisely!

¡Mi bomba! Quick, call the prison and cancel the execution!

At once General!



RRING  
...  
RRING

Fifty seconds... Pip Pip Pip... At the third stroke it will be five thirty-eight precisely... Pip Pip Pip... At the third

You did it on purpose! Dia, the right number this time or I'll have you shot!

RRRRRING  
...  
RRRRRING

...precisely... Pip Pip Pip... At the third stroke it will be five forty and ten seconds.

If it doesn't work this time, I'll personally shoot the Minister of Telecommunications!

The number you have dialled does not exist. Please consult your directory.

Only one thing to do: dash to the prison and save them ourselves!

Take B Section with you! The colonel will guide you! I'll have his head if you're too late!

Rápido! Rápido... por Dios!



*Meanwhile...*

I'm terribly sorry, gentlemen, but we must go, please... It's time...

And one must be on time.

To be precise: time, gentlemen please!

Don't worry: it's a nasty moment, but you'll soon forget it...

This is San Theodores National Radio. We are interrupting our programmes for a special announcement by His Excellency General Tapioca...

A car!... We must commandeer a car!

Useless! No vehicle could get through this crowd...

What can we do?

Look! That float...

What? You mean...

Yes! It's the only possible answer!

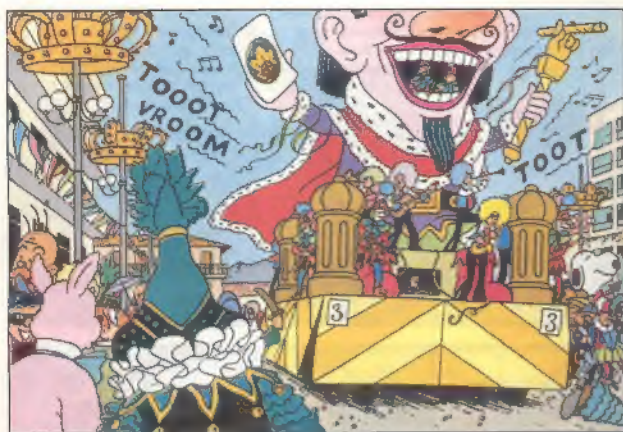
You!... Keep on playing!

Keep playing!... Don't stop!

Driver!... To the State Prison! And put your foot down!

Put my foot down?... With this crate?... You must be joking!





Meanwhile...

Blindfolds? Certainly not!  
... A Thompson looks death  
straight in the face!

To be precise: A Thomson  
with a straight face looks  
like death!



It's your lucky day. The music adds a little  
gaiety to the party, doesn't it?



We simply must  
be in time!

Squ-a-a-a-d!... Ready!



Can you perhaps think of  
some famous last words?

Er... What about, "Kiss  
me, Thompson"  
Will that do?



Squad! Take aim!...



A few minutes later...

Saved by the bell, eh?...

Oh? I didn't hear it, with the music...

And the friends of these gentlemen... where are they?

I'll take you there at once, Colonel!

They've been very well treated, Colonel. They'll tell you so themselves...

I hope so, for your sake!

This is Signora Castafiore's cell. They've just taken in her lunch...

...and I'm telling you for the last time!

... I want my pasta cooked properly, d'you hear? ... "al dente", as we say at home in Italy!

Ah, Madonna!... Captain Hemlock!

Come, caro mio!... Come to my arms!

No!!

I knew you'd come to rescue me from this dreadful place!

Ahem!... Here is Señor Igor Wagner, señora...

... and your maid...

Ah, my dear Irma, how I have missed you!

Ah, what joy to be all together again! I simply must sing!

No! No!

No!

Not that!



Next morning ...

The army, the navy and the air force have come over to me! Mil bombs! It's an overwhelming triumph!



And it's partly due, of course, to you... Si, si, si!... Alcazar is not ungenerous: you will be decorated with the order of San Fernando!... As for your five percent...

Please forget that, General!



General, the bus you sent to the camp to fetch Señora Alcazar and the Jolly Follies has returned.

Good! Show them in here...



So there you are, Alcazar! What's the game, eh? You've been absent without leave again!

I can explain, palomita mia...



Señor Wagg, allow me to express the deep gratitude of the San Theodorian people for the help you have given to our cause. I therefore appoint you and your Jolly Follies to the order of San Fernando, and invite you to next year's carnival.



And Señor Professor... In recognition of the magnificent role you played, I appoint you Knight Grand Cross of the Order of San Fernando, with Oak Leaves.

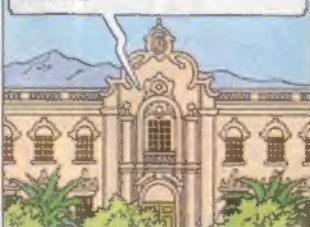
No thank you, my friend. Never between meals.



Good old Alcazar! Give him a big hurrah!



As for you, my dove... I promised you a palace. Bueno, I keep my word. This is all yours, from now on.



Fine and dandy!... Anyone can see it isn't you who's expected to keep this dump clean... So for a start, stop dropping cigar ash all over the place!... You get me?



Two days later...

Blistering barnacles, I shan't be sorry to be back home in Marlinspike...

Me too, Captain...



Me too, but with a little mustard if you please.



THE END